

Good Morning 272

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

Words — Words — Words FROM A TO Z

By
J. M. Michaelson



Dustology— Good Career

IN a police laboratory at Hendon, a band of official criminologists face Britain's falling crime statistics — and smile. They say it's all due to dustology.

Even under an ordinary microscope, common dust assumes identifiable characteristics.

Beneath a microscope magnifying 50,000 times, or through the spectograph analysis of substances by light wavelength, dust can now tell a whole story, break an alibi, and convict a criminal.

In a recent housebreaking case, the dust from the accused man's trouser turn-ups showed fragments of paint composed of three layers, corresponding to paint on the wall he had climbed. In a murder trial, dust from beneath the prisoner's finger-nails proved his guilt.

Everyone is carrying around a tell-tale load of dust—in his pockets, on his hat and shoes, in his hair.

By analysis, it may show where a man has been or what is his occupation. The groove in a pocket-knife packs a library of revealing articles.

The presence there of adhering tin, antimony and lead dust recently helped to convict a coin counterfeiter.

Determined to beat the evidence of dust, which may carry a diary of incriminating evidence for two or three years, one criminal burned his personal possessions and took a course of Turkish baths. But he forgot the dust in his ears. It was his undoing.

An expert has carried the investigation of ear dust so far that he can tell from it the type of goods dockers have unloaded.

In another instance a woman was murdered, and suspicion fell on a farm labourer living a few miles away. He protested his innocence and declared that he had never so much as visited the area of the crime. The dust from his clothes revealed a tiny seed. It was the seed of a comparatively rare plant, and the only specimen for miles around grew near the scene of the murder. He broke down and confessed.

At Hendon to-day, "dustology" has been brought to such a fine art that the truth about a man's character, hobbies and home can be deduced from it.

A police official examined the dust in the linings of my own pockets to see what he could tell me. There was a certain amount of carbon, carpet fibre, blotting paper, earth, rubber, and soot.

The preponderance of the carpet fibre, from a pile carpet, proved that I worked in a richly carpeted room. The carbon came from my typewriter, and the rubber was the kind used in type erasers.

Soot, oil particles and earth with certain seeds

DICK GORDON— Presents STAGE SCREEN and STUDIO

Females Do Think!

SHALL I tell you something? School in New York for an audition.

Ever since the day when Mrs. Cavewife first stuck a feather in her hair and called it a hat, women have been the target of male barbs accusing them of being as incomprehensible as the Einstein theory.

The female of the species, however, now rises to retaliate. Margaret Sullivan, Ann Sothorn, Marsha Hunt, Joan Blondell, Fay Bainter, Diana Lewis, Ella Raines, Dorothy Morris and the others of the all-feminine cast of "Cry Havoc" list the following about the male sex as behaviour they have never understood:—

Why do women have to pretend they are hard to get in order to attract a man? And why is it, if a woman shows interest in a man, his interest drops like a barometer in a typhoon?

Why is it that all a male has to do is to walk through a room and it looks as if an earthquake has struck it?

Why do men forget anniversaries, yet feel they are being neglected if their birthdays are not mentioned before breakfast that day?

When it comes to entertainment, why do men insist on doing things they think up and pooh-pooh woman's plans, even though they know they'd have a much better time?

Why do men cherish old sweaters, golf prizes, paint-covered breeches, and worn-out pipes when they know, as well as the women, they'll never use or want them again?

Why do men demand that their women "be natural" and wear no nail polish or silly hats, yet strain necks peering at girls wearing slinky red dresses, barn-red finger-nails, and hats a baboon wouldn't wear?

Why do men think beautiful-but-dumb women are cute? Why do men always bring home flowers when they have guilty consciences?

That's the quiz. You answer it—I can't!

TO show there's no colour bar in this comic strip, I introduce a personal friend. You've heard her multi-lingual vocals and probably her pianoforte versions of classics, so I make no apologies for introducing . . . Miss Hazel Scott.

Hazel, who made her film bow in Columbia's "Something to Shout About," is the pianist-vocalist star of New York's Cafe Society Uptown and the stage success "Priorities of 1942."

Born in Trinidad, British West Indies, Hazel began study of the piano at the age of three with her mother, Alma Long Scott, and when she was eight went to the famed Juilliard

showed that I lived near a park and a railway station. The most startling discovery was a single dog's hair, not more than two hours old. Had I visited the house of a friend two hours earlier and murdered him, that tell-tale hair would have defeated a "perfect" alibi.

Too young for a scholarship, she so impressed a professor with her talents he offered to give her free lessons. He did—for the next eight years.

Billed as the child wonder pianiste, she gave a concert at Carnegie Hall when she was twelve. A year earlier she had played with her mother's all-women band, "The American Creolians."

By the time she was sixteen, Hazel was a featured artist for the Mutual Broadcasting network, announcing her own numbers.

Establishing her reputation as both pianiste and vocalist, she soon began creating novel swing versions of the classics and using multi-lingual songs in French, German, Italian, Spanish, Chinese, Yiddish and English.

Hazel was leading her own band in a Harlem ballroom in 1939 when she was asked to pinch hit for a week at Cafe Society Downtown.

A year later she moved to the newly opened Uptown Cafe Society, from which she secured special leave of absence for her screen debut in the Cole Porter tune-film.

Reared in a home of refinement, Hazel comes into her artistic talents naturally.

In addition to her musically inclined mother, her father was a widely known Negro scholar who left Liverpool, England, to teach English at St. Mary's College in Trinidad before accepting a similar educational post at a Negro college in the United States.

I like best to hear her sing "Blues in the Night!"

I'VE been talking a lot about Bette Davis recently—here's why:

Bette Davis has established a record no other top-flight star in Hollywood can equal by making her 44th picture for the producing company that discovered her.

Bette completed that performance for Warner Bros. when the last scenes of "Old Acquaintance" were shot. Appropriate title, eh? To celebrate the occasion, Jack L. Warner and she signed a new contract.

Bette started demurely with George Arliss in "The Man

Who Played God," in 1932. Followed a mistaken period of pink frocks and floppy hats before Hollywood learned she was an actress born to suffer.

In most of her next 36 pictures she was a mean woman; retribution generally caught up with her in the eighth reel; there were occasional intervals of sweetness, but largely she delivered insolence and selfishness.

Latterly a change had set in. It becomes particularly noticeable in "Watch On The Rhine," revealing her as the faithful wife of an anti-Nazi agent and proud mother of three young Hitler-haters.

In "Now, Voyager," her next picture to be seen in Britain, she revels in a romance with Paul Henreid; while in "Old Acquaintance" she wittily turns the jealous barbs of Minnie Hopkins and sweetly declines to steal her husband.

All three are triumphs for Bette Davis, forecasting that she will use her talents in absorbingly varied directions when she resumes studio work next month.



AFTER the Bible, a dictionary of some kind is probably the one book you can be certain to find in every household. It is strictly utilitarian, consulted for spelling, pronunciation, meaning, or to help you out with a crossword when you have the first two or three letters of a word and cannot think of the rest. Probably very few of the millions who use dictionaries consider the immense labour that goes into the making of them.

In Britain, we now have first-class dictionaries on which to base a new one. The chief work of editors is to add new words when they become accepted. Many hundreds will be added to our dictionaries as a result of the war, from "blitz" to "bazooka."

Supplements are periodically added to our great Oxford New English Dictionary, and when a word gets into it, that is taken to mean the editors consider it has been absorbed into the language and is not merely a passing piece of slang.

Just what is involved in compiling a dictionary from zero can be gathered from the fact that the Brazilian Academy of Letters, which started a Brazilian dictionary of the Portuguese language thirty years ago, has not yet completed all the words beginning with A!

The great Oxford Dictionary was started in 1857. The first part was published in 1884, and the complete dictionary of twenty half-volumes in 1928—just seventy years! The scholars of America are still at work on a 20-volume "Dictionary of American English," which was begun in 1925.

The first English dictionaries were not concerned with the spelling and definition of all words in current use, but only with the difficult ones. The first dictionary seems to have been one printed in 1499—until there was printing, there was no sense in a dictionary. This, curiously enough, explained the meaning of "hard" English words in Latin—a comment on the use of Latin as the language of learning and scholarship at the time.

Actually, the Oxford Dictionary in its complete form goes back further than this, for the middle of the 12th century was taken as the "deadline." Words not used since then are considered obsolete.

The first attempt at a complete dictionary of English was made by Nathan Bailey in 1730, and then came Dr. Johnson's great dictionary. At that time, and really until the middle of the 19th century, the great idea of dictionary makers was to define and "fix" the language, to prevent the debase-

ment of words by giving them new meanings.

Fortunately, the habit of the British in making their own language continuously triumphed over the scholars. The exact shade of meaning of words is always changing. In the course of three centuries some words—for instance, "awful"—have come to have exactly the opposite meaning!

It is only fair to Dr. Johnson to say that he was against this idea of "fixing" the language, and realised that a complete dictionary should take into account the current meaning of a word when used by the ordinary man, its historical meanings, and its use by great writers.

He introduced the method of illustrating meanings by quotations, lately so greatly extended. Three million five hundred thousand quotations from 5,000 different authors were collected by 1,300 enthusiastic voluntary assistants in the first thirty years of the preparation of the Oxford Dictionary. More than 1,000,000 quotations have already been collected for the Dictionary of American English.

Archbishop Trench was responsible for the new idea in dictionary-making inaugurated by the Oxford Dictionary. A complete dictionary should be concerned in the pronunciation, origin, history and use in idiomatic phrases of every word. Of course, such complete and massive dictionaries are required only by specialists and libraries, but they are the foundation of the "shorter," "concise," and other dictionaries of all shapes and sizes which we use in our homes and offices.

Dictionaries are not nearly so dull as most people who have not discovered the fascination of comparing meanings imagine. There have been great men who read dictionaries right through, from A to



Z. William Pitt and Robert Browning both read through and enjoyed Dr. Johnson's Dictionary.

It is an interesting one to browse in, for apart from its literary value, Dr. Johnson was a man of strong political prejudices, and he made the most of his opportunities by definitions that were sly digs at his opponents!

There are many good stories of Dr. Johnson and his dictionary. One concerns his wrong definition of "pastern." When asked by a lady at dinner how he did it, he replied, "Ignorance, m'a d'am, pure ignorance."

On another occasion a lady expressed surprise that he had included in his dictionary so many words which were not considered "quite nice." "Madam," replied the doctor, "I perceive you have looked for them all."

The most assiduous dictionary reader was probably Thomas Buckle. He once recommended a new dictionary, saying, "It is one of the few I have read through with pleasure."

Dictionaries have been used for propaganda and for humour. There was a storm of protest in Russia some years ago when a new Soviet dictionary was found to contain what many regarded as Trotskyist propaganda in the quotations used to illustrate the meanings of many words.

As an example of sly humour, even the sedate Chambers Dictionary defined a "sea serpent" as "an enormous marine animal of serpentine form, frequently seen and described by credulous sailors, imaginative landmen and common liars!"

One of the best stories of the dictionary makers' concerns Noah Webster, the American lexicographer. He was as insistent on the correct use of words in his private life as in his dictionaries. On one occasion his wife opened the door to find him kissing the maid. "Noah!" she exclaimed, "I am surprised."

"No, my dear," Webster replied, "it is WE who are surprised. YOU are astonished."

Noah Webster was the man largely responsible for popularising "American spelling"—the omission of "u" in such words as labour and the substitution of check for cheque. He spent 18 years' incessant labour on his dictionary, which was published in 1828. It did not sell freely—less than 5,000 copies had been sold by 1840. Only after his death did it become suddenly famous, and in 1857 the copyright was sold for £50,000.

The dictionary, of course much revised, is still published, but now has over 200 editors and 550,000 entries in place of Noah's original 70,000. The Oxford Dictionary defines more than 600,000 words—and is still busy getting definitions for new words.

QUIZ for today

1. A peri is a drink, fairy, fruit, juggler, wife of a peer?
2. Who wrote (a) The Hundred Days, (b) The Hundredth Year?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Eton, Harrow, Oxford, Rugby, Winchester, Blundell's, Stowe.
4. What is the difference between Whisky and Whiskey?
5. Who won the Derby in 1943?
6. Name four English towns beginning and ending with the letter N.
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Incandescent, Integument, Informant, Indignant, Indigent, Inundate.
8. What do we call a person who collects coins?
9. What is the lightest-known wood?
10. For what do the initials M.O.H. and M.F.H. stand?
11. What is the capital of Samoa?
12. Complete the phrases (a) Robbing Peter —, (b) Jones, Brown, —.

Answers to Quiz in No. 271

1. Carriage.
2. (a) E. Nesbit, (b) Shakespeare.
3. Ontario is in Canada; others in U.S.A.
4. Sir H. Spencer Jones.
5. 1911.
6. 15th.
7. Tannin, Tangible.
8. Persia.
9. Manchester, 1926.
10. H.R.H. Princess Beatrice.
11. Nicosia.
12. (a) Bears, (b) Hounds (or geese).

Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 271: Back of a Shilling.

USELESS EUSTACE



"—If you've an idea it conveys anything, you can perish the thought—!"

JANE

The Sultan of Morocco is preparing the audience for Jane's big rat scene...



The nail in the window sash

PART VII

Murders in the Rue Morgue.

"I KNOW not," said Dupin, "what impression I have made, so far, upon your own understanding, but I do not hesitate to say that legitimate deductions even from this portion of the testimony—the portion respecting the gruff and shrill voices—are in themselves sufficient to engender a suspicion which should give direction to all further progress in the investigation of the mystery. I said 'legitimate deductions,' but my meaning is not thus fully expressed.

"I designed to imply that the deductions are the sole proper ones, and that the suspicion arises inevitably from them as the single result. What the suspicion is, however, I will not say just yet. I merely wish you to bear in mind that, with myself, it was sufficiently forcible to give a definite form—a certain tendency—to my inquiries in the chamber.

"Let us now transport ourselves, in fancy, to this chamber. What shall we first seek here? The means of egress employed by the murderers. It is not too much to say that neither of us believe in preternatural events. Madame and Mademoiselle L'Espanaye were not destroyed by spirits. The doors of the deed were material and escaped materially. Then how? Fortunately there is but one mode of reasoning upon the point, and that mode must lead us to a definite decision: Let us examine, each by each, the possible means of egress. It is clear that the assassins were in the room where Mademoiselle L'Espanaye was found, or at least in the room adjoining, when the party ascended the stairs. It is then only from these two apartments that we have to seek issues.

"The police have laid bare the floors, the ceilings, and the masonry of the walls in every direction. No secret issues would have escaped their vigilance. But, not trusting to their eyes, I examined with my own. There were, then, no secret issues. Both doors leading from the rooms into the passage were securely locked, with the keys inside. Let us turn to the chimneys. These, although of ordinary width for some eight or ten feet above the hearths, will not admit, throughout their extent, the body of a large cat.

"The impossibility of egress, by means already stated, being thus absolute, we are reduced to the windows. Through those of the front room no one could have escaped without notice from the crowd in the street. The murderers must have passed, then, through those of the back room. Now, brought to this conclusion in so unequivocal a manner as we are, it is not our part, as reasoners, to reject it on account of apparent impossibilities. It is only left for us to prove that these apparent impossibilities

are, in reality, not such.

"There are two windows in the chamber. One of them is unobstructed by furniture, and is wholly visible. The lower portion of the other is hidden from view by the head of the unwieldy bedstead which is thrust close up against it. The former was found securely fastened from within. It resisted the utmost force of those who endeavoured to raise it. A large gimlet-hole had been pierced in its frame to the left, and a very stout nail was found fitted therein, nearly to the head. Upon examining the other window, a similar nail was seen similarly fitted in it; and a vigorous attempt to raise this sash failed also. The police were now entirely satisfied that egress had not been made in these directions. And, therefore, it was thought a matter of supererogation to withdraw the nails and open the windows.

"My own examination was somewhat more particular, and was so for the reason I have just given—because here it was, I knew, that all apparent impossibilities must be proved to be not such in reality.

"I proceeded to think thus—a posteriori. The murderers did escape from one of these windows. This being so, they could not have re-fastened the sashes from the inside, as they were found fastened—the con-

sideration which put a stop, through its obviousness, to the scrutiny of the police in this quarter. Yet the sashes were fastened. They must, then, have the power of fastening themselves. There was no escape from this conclusion. I stepped to the unobstructed casement, withdrew the nail with some difficulty, and attempted to raise the sash. It resisted all my efforts, as I had anticipated.

"A concealed spring must, I now knew, exist; and this corroboration of my idea convinced me that my premises, at least, were correct, however mysterious still appeared the circumstance attending the nails. A careful search soon brought to light the hidden spring. I pressed it, and, satisfied with the discovery, forbore to upraise the sash.

"I now replaced the nail and regarded it attentively. A person passing out through this window might have reclosed it and the spring would have caught; but the nail could not have been replaced. The conclusion was plain, and again narrowed in the field of my investigations. The assassins must have escaped through the other window. Supposing, then, the springs upon each sash to be the same, as was probable, there must be found a difference between the nails, or at least between the modes of their fixture.

"Getting upon the sacking of the bedstead, I looked over the head-board minutely at the second casement. Passing my hand down behind the board, I readily discovered and pressed the spring, which was, as I had supposed, identical in character with its neighbour. I now looked at the nail. It was as stout as the other, and apparently fitted in the same manner, driven in nearly up to the head.

"You will say that I was puzzled; but if you think so you must have misunderstood the nature of the inductions. To use a sporting phrase, I had not been once 'at fault.' The scent had never for an instant been lost. There was no flaw in any link of the chain. I had traced the secret to its ultimate result; and that result was the nail. It had, I say, in every respect the appearance of its fellow in the other window; but this fact was an absolute nullity (conclusive as it might seem to be) when compared with the consideration that here at this point terminated the clue. There must be something wrong," I said, 'about the nail.'

"I touched it, and the head, with about a quarter of an inch of the shank, came off in my fingers. The rest of the shank was in the gimlet-hole where it had been broken off. The fracture was an old one (for its edges were incrustured with rust), and had apparently been accomplished by the blow of a hammer, which had partially imbedded in the top of the bottom sash the

With Our Roving Cameraman



ONE LITTLE PIG.

He's the boss, sitting in the one-wheeled barrow, and beside him is his black pig he is taking to market in Northern China. There are no roads as we know them in this part of the great land of China, but there are always porters, who find the one-wheeler better than a two-wheeler to push over the rocky tracks, even if the one-wheeler rocks and grunts and squeals as it moves.

head portion of the nail. I now carefully replaced this head portion in the indentation whence I had taken it, and the resemblance to a perfect nail was complete—the fissure was invisible.

"Pressing the spring, I gently raised the sash for a few inches; the head went up with it, remaining firm in its bed. I closed the window, and the semblance of the whole nail was again perfect.

"The riddle, so far, was now unriddled. The assassin had escaped through the window which looked upon the bed. Dropping of its own accord upon his exit (or perhaps purposely closed), it had become fastened by the spring; and it was the retention of this spring which had been mistaken by the police for that of the nail—further inquiry being thus considered unnecessary.

"The next question is that of the mode of descent. Upon this point I had been satisfied in my walk with you around the building. About five feet and a half from the casement in question there runs a lightning-rod. From this rod it would have been impossible for anyone to reach the window itself, to say nothing of entering it. I observed, however, that the shutters of the fourth storey were of the peculiar kind called by Parisian carpenters *ferrades*—a kind rarely employed at the present day, but frequently seen upon very old mansions at Lyons and Bordeaux.

They are in the form of an ordinary door (a single, not a folding door), except that the lower half is latticed or worked in open trellis, thus affording an excellent hold

for the hands. In the present instance these shutters are fully three feet and a half broad. When we saw them from the rear of the house they were both about half-open—that is to say, they stood off at right angles from the wall. It is probable that the police, as well as myself, examined the back of the tenement; but if so, in looking at these *ferrades* in the line of their breadth (as they must have done), they did not perceive this great breadth itself, or, at all events, failed to take it into due consideration.

"In fact, having once satisfied themselves that no egress could have been made in this quarter, they would naturally bestow here a very cursory examination. It was clear to me, however, that the shutter belonging to the window at the head of the bed would, if swung fully back to the wall, reach to within two feet of the lightning-rod. It was also evident that by exertion of a very unusual degree of activity and courage an entrance into the window from the rod might have been thus effected. By reaching to the distance of two feet and a half (we now suppose the shutter open to its whole extent) a robber might have taken a firm grasp upon the trelliswork.

"Letting go, then, his hold upon the rod, placing his feet securely against the wall, and springing boldly from it, he might have swung the shutter so as to close it, and, if we imagine the window open at the time, might even have swung himself into the room." (To be continued)

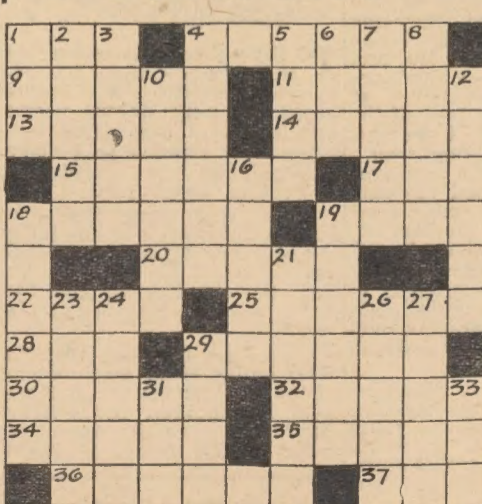
WANGLING WORDS—227

1. Put a girl's name in PR to make a basket.
2. Rearrange the letters of ANN IS FAT HAG to make a country.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: YARD into DRAY, ROAR into YELL, BUSY into BEES, FIRE into BURN.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from PANDEMONIUM?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 226

1. CharmS.
2. ARISTOPHANES.
3. DARK, BARK, BARD, BIRD, GIRD, GIRL, REAR, PEAR, PEAK, PEAT, PENT, PANT, RANT, RANK, MONEY, HONEY, HONES, CONES, COTES, NOTES, SKIN, SPIN, SPIT, SPOT, SOOT, FOOT, FOOL, POOL, POLL, PULL, FULL.
4. Cane, Dace, Need, Neat, Time, Date, Diet, Tied, Scan, Sent, Seed, Nice, Send, Seat, Sate, Site, Cite, Dent, Dint, Sine, Side, Tide, etc. Scent, Saint, Satin, Scant, Tense, Dines, Tides, Stain, Dates, Sated, Canes, Dance, Stain, etc.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Pet notion.
- 4 Antiquated object.
- 9 Fat.
- 10 Dwells.
- 13 Bird.
- 14 Fragrance.
- 15 Sweet.
- 17 Beaten track.
- 18 Improve.
- 19 Cow house.
- 20 Develop.
- 22 Weeding tool.
- 25 Flower powder.
- 28 Boy.
- 29 Standing.
- 30 Make exultant.
- 32 Stretched tight.
- 34 Conical tent.
- 35 Boy's name.
- 36 Quality of fibre.
- 37 Observe.

CLUES DOWN.

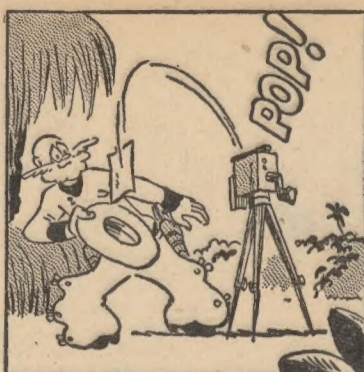
- 1 To get.
- 2 House.
- 3 First appearance.
- 4 Parried.
- 5 Lath.
- 6 Male title.
- 7 Part of tusks.
- 9 Nocturnal animal.
- 10 Blocked with sediment.
- 12 Glossy fabric.
- 16 Break-out.
- 18 Dog.
- 19 Wearing girdle.
- 21 Body garment.
- 23 Perches.
- 24 Inappropriate.
- 26 Thrust.
- 27 Attempt.
- 29 Ooze out.
- 31 Drink.
- 33 Before.

LARCH SARAH
RELATIVES
SEPOY PICKS
ACID DIET
BAN HOP TWO
LEMANATE R
ELDER RIDGE
E TITAN A
FIB C G HUB
ETIMOLOGIZE
WHEAT NOTED

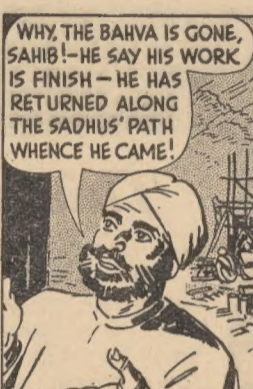
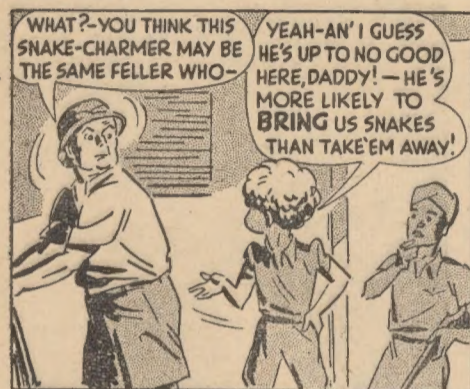
...while a crisis has
occurred back-stage!



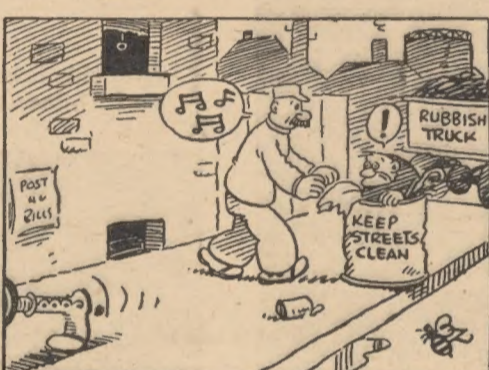
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



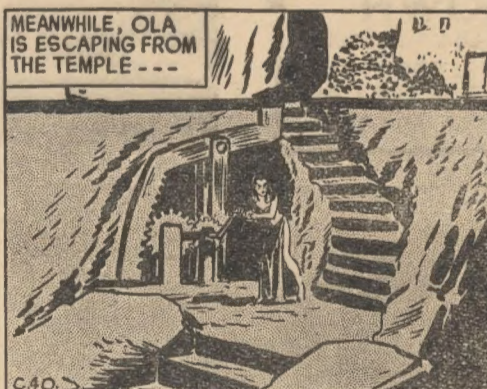
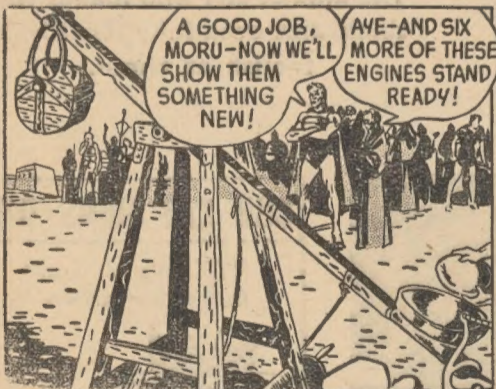
POPEYE



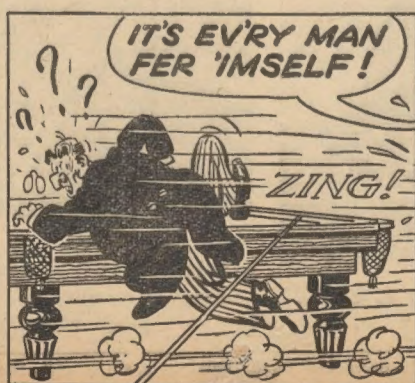
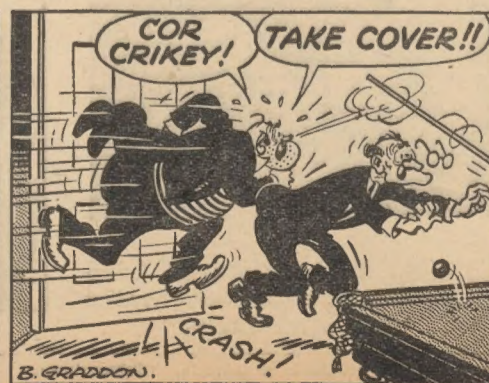
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



CLUBS AND THEIR PLAYERS

No. 23

By JOHN ALLEN

CHELSEA

EVER since they were formed, in 1905, Chelsea have been the subject of many a music-hall comedian's jokes. But during the past few months the "Pensioners" have caused these wisecrackers to withdraw many of their remarks.

Even then, however, there was something unusual about the way Chelsea became a football club. It was Mr. H. A. Mears who first saw in Stamford Bridge, Fulham, a wonderful ground which would house thousands of football fans if it were the headquarters of a really good team.

A board of directors was formed, a player-manager—Jackie Robertson, formerly of Glasgow Rangers—appointed, and a team which included four internationals assembled.

But Chelsea's application for membership of the old Southern League was turned down—and the club, with a fine ground, and promising team, found itself short of opponents!

In desperation, application was made for membership of the Football League, and to their surprise they were elected to the Second Division. Two years later they were promoted to the First Division!

Since then Chelsea have called upon some of the greatest footballers the game has ever known. Alex Jackson, Hughie Gallacher, Andy Wilson, Syd Bishop, Sam Irving—one could go on for hours placing before readers the names of football's "Royalty."

One of the "Pensioners'" greatest stars was their first goalkeeper, Willie ("Fatty") Foulke. He only cost the club £50, but gave them terrific value for their money.

A really colourful personality, Foulke is the central figure in many an amusing story, but one of the best concerns an elderly lady who was annoyed at Foulke's terrific punching.

In one match, whenever a corner-kick was awarded against Chelsea, few players would attempt to head the ball. Always would Foulke's ham-fist fist shoot out and drive it upfield.

One young fellow, with some daring, eventually tried to head the ball just as Foulke hit it with his fist. The follow-through of Foulke's fist caught the forward on the jaw, and down he went as if pole-axed.

Everyone, with the exception of an elderly lady, realised that it was an accident, but the lady forgot herself and rushed on to the field brandishing a large and rather shabby umbrella.

Rushing up to the chubby-faced Willie Foulke, she waved the umbrella in his face, threatening him with all sorts of agonies for his "brutal" display. Then, having satisfied herself that Foulke was "sorry," she caught her long skirts in her hands and ran down the touch-line to the exit, pursued by two policemen!

In those early days the club received many amusing letters from would-be professionals, but two of the most interesting I've heard of are these. One fellow wrote: "I am a good centre-forward, but if this position is already filled I can manipulate a turnstile."

Another young "hopeful" praised himself as a goalkeeper, but finished his letter by saying: "If you don't require me as goalkeeper, I'd be prepared to mind the players' coats!"

I wager Chelsea's supporters do not know how Stamford Bridge came to have such high bankings. They were made from the earth that was scooped from under London when the underground railway system was being constructed.

Of late years, Chelsea, although still buying stars, have followed a system of trying to mould their own from amateur talent.

Perhaps the most successful in this direction is Victor Woodley, the England goalkeeper. Manager Billy Birrell, however, has others coming along, and he will produce them when the moment is ripe.

OH YEAH!

The humanitarian cult is going so strongly nowadays that someone has already pointed out the cruelty of forcing cucumbers.

Submariner on leave: "Who buttered this bread?"
Walter: "I did, sir."
Submariner: "Then who took it off?"

Boy (calling to mother from kitchen): "Mum, come and take the parrot away. Dad's just dropped his stud."

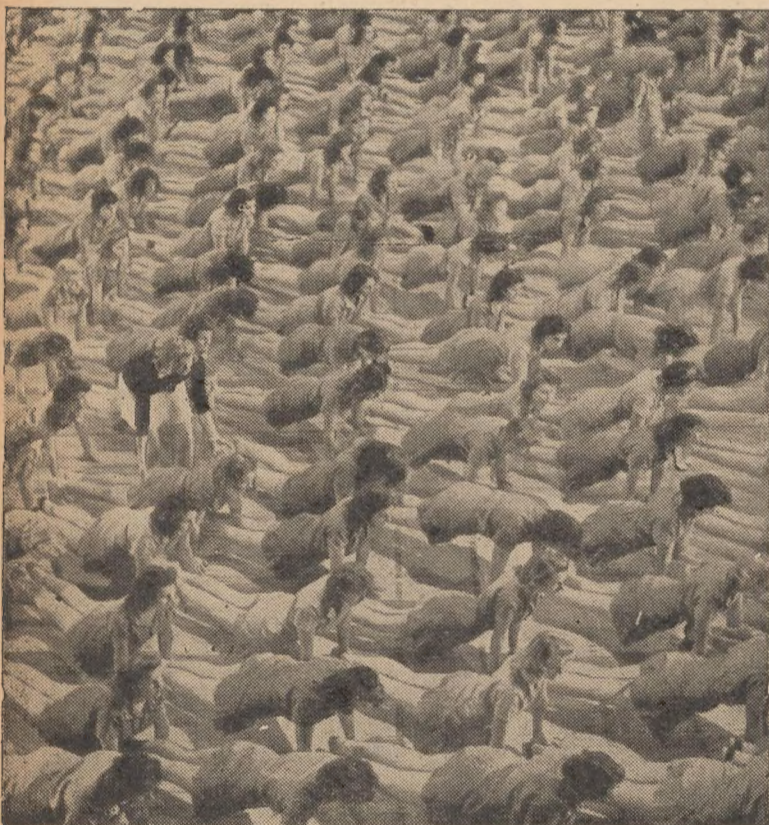
Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.



This England

The beautiful village of Buckland-in-the-Moor, East Dartmoor. Thatched cottages nestling amidst luxuriant woods, and as if that isn't enough, the stream which flows through, is brimful of trout.

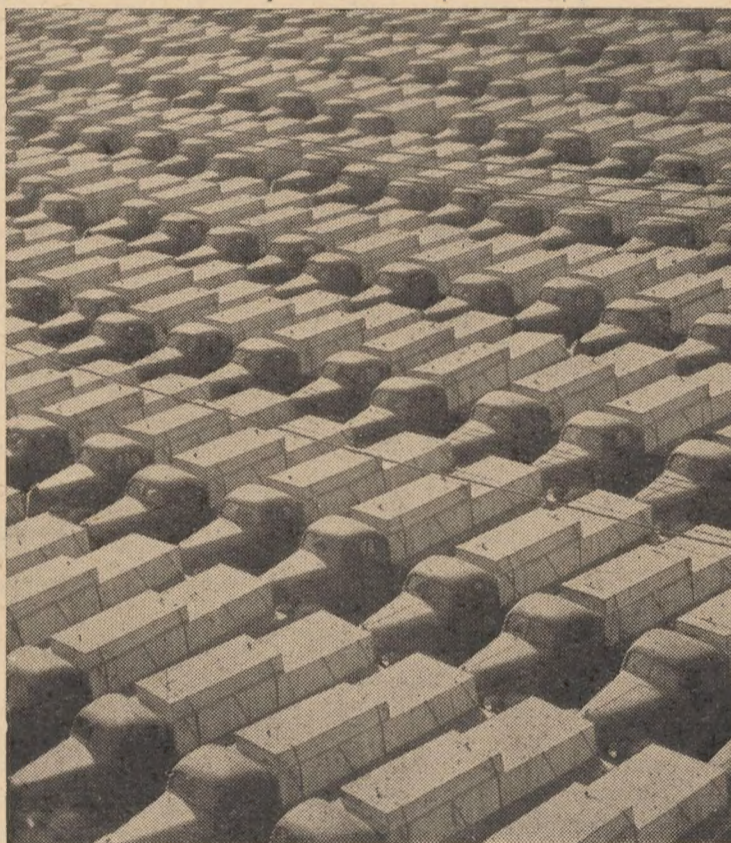


ON THE HANDS DOWN

Well, would you believe it? Out of all the hundreds of girls who have obeyed the command, one young lady just can't find room to make it. She MAY be trying to beat the starting-gun, who knows.

RIGHT DRESS

And this is only a small part of the picture, and only an infinitesimal part of the consignment of American army lorries to this country.



FOLIES BERGERE

The kind of girl who makes you think that even folly itself isn't foolish at times.



"Hmmm. You have apparently been neglecting your vitamins A to Z. A distinct loss of weight is indicated."



"In confidence, old chap, I advise you to keep cool over the affair. Keep your head above water and things will go swimmingly."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"If only I could pull a few strings"

